Wombs of the Gods

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A few short stories based on the "Wombs of the Gods" entrance of the NTR Encyclopedia as seen here https://imgur.com/a/JfSEQeD/

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1 - Full Moon of Mercy

„Esteemed Husband, I understand that you enjoy the feeling of my voluptuous thighs in your hands, however I believe that it is unbecoming of a servant of the Gods such as yourself, to have such lewd thoughts on a holy day such as this.” Anunee said.

She had always been the more responsible one. Being born as the elder sister, she always had to take charge, had to organize and delegate. The Gods made their laws to be followed and so she did. Being one of the few chosen daughters of Anubis, she had was inherently serious in the duties the Gods had bestowed upon her, even if it meant chastising her beloved husband, denying him the pleasure of her body, of her hot womb; the womb that was reserved only for the followers of her faith during the rituals designed and made to appeal to the Gods.

“Ohoho do not be so uptight dearest Sister, our husband is already holding back so much and for so long… remember dearest Sister, it has been 3 month since my last ritual. Three months since our husband has been allowed to relieve himself. Three months since he was allowed to witness the Ritual of the Warrior, when the champion of Amun conquered my womb with his mighty spear. 3 days our dear husband attended to my every need as I serviced the champion, letting him ravage my pleasureholes like I was a dirty streetcat. Oh yes dearest sister, he used and abused each one of my holes endlessly, load after load of his hot warrior semen he shot into my unprotected womb, deep into my holy rectum. Watching me clean up that magnificent penis, stained in my juices, covered in semen, spit and cocksweat all the while enduring the power of the aphrodisiac covered incense… our husband truly is even mightier than the champion, for not once did he touch himself, even when his testicles were blue and his penis screaming for my relief.”

Bastin had been sprawled on the satin cushions for most of the preparation. She always sulked on the days of Anubis’ rituals. With the blessing of Bastet came the curse of jealousy. It was hard for her to tolerate that her sister would be allowed to partake in a ritual, especially on a day such as this. The Full moon of Mercy was rising once again and it was Anunee’s duty to serve.

“It is the duty and privilege of our beloved husband to attend to us. He knew how hard it would be to live chaste, watching his wives be taken by other men and even creatures below the ranks of a human. It is for this reason that we worship our beloved husband the way we worship the Gods. Well, it is one of the reasons at least.” With a smile she turned to her husband who was still busy rubbing oil into the tanned thighs of his first wife. She took his chin in her hand and planted a loving kiss on his lips.

“Our beloved husband knows how nervous I get before these rituals. Of course I am protected by the Guards of the Gods and besides, no one would ever dare harm a womb of Anubis… yet still. These are dangerous criminals, murderers, rapists, thieves and pariahs…”

With a snicker Bastin curled up next to her sister. With her graceful, cat like movements it was always easy for her to sneak up on unsuspecting prey. When she suddenly purred into her sisters ear, she was surprised and shocked as always. Bastin loved to play little pranks on her sister.

“Stop it my dearest sister. I can not abide such tomfoolery. Especially on a day such as this.”

The warm air of Bastin’s breath on her sisters ear felt nice in a cool night such as this.

“Dearest sister, you know as well as I how much you love the Rituals of our Gods. You will always complain and pretend to be reluctant and fearful, yet as soon as the first criminal enters your unprotected holes, you squeal and scream in delight, begging him to pleasure you in all the ways your beloved husband cant.”

Nimble like a cat Bastin evaded her sisters thrown pillow.

The sisters were night and day in terms of their personality. Bastin had always been the more mischievous one, the one that was protected by her strong older sister. It was hard for her to show her true feelings to her sister so instead she showed her love in the way only a Womb of Bastet could.

Aside from their personality they both looked remarkably similar. Their tanned skin looked like a most beautiful shimmer of bronze, which made their bloodred eyes stand out even more. Like rubies set in flawless bronze the stood in their heavenly faces. They were crafted by the God’s themselves and it showed.

Their wonderful thighs were sculpted by the God’s, large and juicy just as their voluptuous, silken Butts. Flawless, perky breasts that would never sag or droop and could hardly be contained by the clothes the priests made for them. Their pretty pink nipples and small areolas looked like another set of jewels when contrasted by their flawless skin.
The thing that set them apart the most, aside from their otherworldly beauty, were their catlike features. A set of cat ears adorned their heads that were as soft and godly like the rest of them. Anunee’s ears were larger, just as her hair, which she kept in a himecut that fell down her back, all the way down to her perfect butt.

Bastin’s ears were shorter, just as her hair. She liked to keep hers shorter, giving her a slightly boyish appeal that reflected her mischievous nature.

“That should suffice my beloved husband. Any more of these sacred oils and all these ruffians and criminals will be unable to hold on to my body. It would be an affront to the Gods to deny them from their sacred right to my body. At least during this ritual that is.”

With that said, she pushed herself up from the comfortable bed of pillows you were all nestled in. her bronze skin was a beautiful sight to behold, the golden arm bands that were queezing her skin ever so slightly perfectly complimented the ruby studded gold circles that covered her delicate pink nipples. The silky wisp of cloth that held them in place did nothing to conceal her femininity however. Her pussy and ass were left uncovered, allowing anyone to easily insert themselves into her. Only a thin, almost see through piece of silk that loosely fell down from below her navel, concealed her shame.

“Join me now, dearest Husband. Escort your beloved wife to the plaza of the Gods. I ask only that you stay with me as those ruffians use my body like that of a common street whore. Hold my hand and watch as I absolve them of their sins.”

Such was the duty of a chaste servant of the Womb. The servant escorted his God-wife down the cold, hard stone steps of the temple, her bare feet leaving a small pattering sound with each step down this ancient road. Down all these steps, in front of the temple a crowd had already gathered. Commoners and nobles of each caste had come together to witness the ritual. Behind the crowd, ringed on all sides by common soldiers, were the criminals and pariahs, weighed down by the heavy chains that connected them to each other. On the halfway mark, husband and God-wife were joined by the silent dog headed soldiers of Anubis, God of the death.

He could feel Anunee's heartbeat increase with each step further down the long steps. Each step took her closer to her duty. The first time they had partaken in this ritual, the husband had simply thought it was nervousness, but now he knew better. Her face was flushed with arousal, a pink hue upon her bronzen skin, with each step a droplet of her juices dripped down, covering the whole way down in little droplets of her femininity.

As they approached the plaza, the soldiers moved the crowd aside, revealing the holy site that would host the ritual for the next 24 hours. Seeing the large stone table, covered only in thin, pearlescent white linen, made her breath grew more ragged. She knew the moment of truth was finally approaching.

"Make way! Make way for the Womb of Anubis! Today we shall witness the Full moon of Mercy. With the purity of her womb, our priestess shall purify the sick, the outcast, the criminal! Present yourselves, believers and use this day to be reborn!" the leader of the temple guard shouted.

It was now that Anunee was revealed to the noisy crowd of onlookers. Her husband escorted her onto the hard stone slab, where she would spend the day servicing strangers with all of her ascended fuckholes until each and every one of them had seeded her fertile pussy, their creampies mixing together inside of her womb into a cumsludge that could only be purified by a servant of the Gods.

Seeing Anunee in her ceremonial robes, whisps of clothing that left nothing to the imagination, the crowd began to hoot and holler, shouting praises as some of the prisoners shouted obscenities. The husband had presented his almost nude wife to be taken, to be ravaged by this crowd of thugs and criminals as the commoners looked on, witnessing her convulsing in pleasure from the dirty cocks of outcasts inserting their fat cocks into her tight, blushing slit. Such was the duty of a chaste husband. To present his naked wife to the masses, to see her taken like he never could.

"Hold my hand, beloved husband." Said Anunee, and so he did.

The first prisoner approached timidly, a youth who had clearly never witnessed this ritual before. Still he suspected some sort of trickery. A thief like him would be rewarded by having sex with one of the most beautiful women on the planet? He still could not believe that a lowly commoner like him would ever get such a chance.

She had noticed his insecurity and beckoned him to come closer, her index finger curling towards her, telling him to come hither, to come close, to embrace her oily, smooth bronze body. With her back on the slab she spread her legs, giving the youth a perfect view on her most sacred place. Her pussy was flushed, a reddish hue of pink that was radiating warmth. She was in heat and she needed a strong man's cock to stir her up, to scratch that itch that was rising from her womb. A slight of hand like him didn't miss out on these "subtle" ques. He threw caution to the wind and approached her, naked as is

name day, climbing on top of the stone slab only to get embraced by her longing arms. Their lips connected, a hot, wet kiss to take away his inhibitions, her ragged breath in his ear.

“ha… ha… take me… fuck your goddess…”

He didn’t need to be told twice. The feeling of her purring in his ear had given him the push he needed. Gently, slowly he put his engorged member on the entrance of her aching pussy, rubbing it over her flushed lips, teasing her clit with the head of his cock until she purred and meowed in need.

“Just… nggh.. shove it in!”

As he inserted his cock into that wet, craving hole of hers, he parted her lips, stretching her insides apart, her pussy squeezing him, moulding itself to his member until he had inserted himself completely. Gently he knocked on her cervix with the head of his cock, rubbing his glans along the sensitive entrance to her womb until she was squealing with delight. He began pulling out, leaving her behind stretched and sensitive until only the tip of his cock still remained inside of her. Her moans had taken a pleading, almost desperate tone, as if she was begging for him not to pull out, not to leave her behind stretched and void of the fat cock she so desperately needed. With a quick thrust he shoved his entire length back into her until her back arched, toes curled in pleasure, her pussy contracting rhythmically on his cock.

And so he started thrusting, pumping in and out of this most sacred of fuckholes until finally he erupted, his cock spraying white hot seed deep into her womb. With his cockhead kissing her cervix he stayed inside of her as his penis pulsed, shooting ropes of gooey jizz deep inside of her. When he pulled out, not a drop of his cum left with him. With otherworldly muscular control she’d keep every single drop of their cum inside of her on this day. Exhausted he stood up, but not before Anunee had given him one last kiss, sending him off to be reformed, a functioning member of society.

She smiled towards her husband who had held her hand throughout. There was not a lot of time to share this moment however, as the next cock had already arrived.
They had become emboldened. Any reluctance was washed away by the intense mating they had just witnessed.

Anunee let herself succumb to the animalistic pleasure of cuckolding her beloved husband with a group of hardened thugs and raggedy criminals.

She was squealing with delight as the next man entered her, his dirty, unwashed cock spreading her divine pussy apart as she squeezed her husbands hands.
Countless men would take her that night, stirring her aching pussy up with their cocks, filling her slutty womb with their creamy seed.

Thick hot ropes of pearlescent cum were bloating her belly, saturating her ovulating eggs with their swimmer until every single low life criminal in the city had his turn.

When the sun finally rose above the temple, its golden rays basking the city in a soft, orange glow, the crowd dispersed, leaving only temple guards, as well as husband and wife.
She was sleeping, a content smile on her beautiful face as she silently purred. Her ears twitched

occasionally as her tail darted left and right.

He held her head in his lap, stroking her hair until she awoke.

2 - Blessing of the Stallion

“Be veeeeery careful Husband, you would be ill advised to disappoint an icon of the Gods.” Bastin purred into his ear, her warm breath dancing around his lobe.
The thick, smokey scent of incense clouded the air, so potent that It brought tears to his eyes. His divine wife had to be purified before she could be allowed to meet an avatar of the divine pantheon.

When she had entered the bath, water pearling off her nude skin, she had looked closer to her true, divine self than ever before.
Seeing her nude form in the bath had been enough to stiffen his penis.

Her voluptuous breasts, unblemished, perfect bronze skin, childbearing hips and soft thighs made her the object of any man’s desires.
He however was not allowed to look upon her with lustful eyes. AS a servant of the Gods, a husband to the wombs, he would stay a chaste virgin for the rest of his life, destined to watch as they were taken by strong champions, majestic creatures and even the poorest beggars of the land.

He was destined to prepare her for other, stronger, better men, destined to attend her as she was taken by them, her divine slit turned into a gaping fuckhole for their cocks, his lovely wife reduced to a cumrag, a toilet for the seed of other men.

Anunee felt his struggle of course. His throbbing, engorged member was begging for relief, for her touch, yet she knew that a womb was forbidden from touching her chaste husbands penis, lest they draw the wrath of the divine pantheon upon them.

He could only struggle, pathetically humping the air with his wife, running the soapy water over her delicate arms, her thighs and feet. Her perky breasts were covered in the bubbly soap water and her pretty pink nipples hardened as he rubbed the sponge over them.

Her sex was flushed, a hue of pink on her lips as she thought about the large, throbbing cock she would be allowed to worship that day.
Her long black hair was dripping with wetness as they entered her chambers. Bastin knew her sister. Knew the look of anticipation she wore.
“mmmmh…. My sweet sister, I can smell your excitement. Do you enjoy the thought of that divine monster cock tearing your little pussy apart as our beloved husband watches?” she purred, secretly jealous of the attention her husband was spending on Anunee.

Her cheeks were taking on the bright reddish hue of embarrassment, yet she did not reply.
She loved to be pampered by her husband, yet she loved what was about to happen even more.
Before the ritual could begin however, her husbands duty was to mark her for the Gods.

With his fingers covered in the sacred paint, created with the powdered bones of ancient creatures, he began drawing the marks of the Gods upon her, circling her stiff nipples as her lips were quivering with anticipation.

He dressed his divine wife in wisps of silk so thin that they were like transparent waves flowing over her body, concealing nothing of her femininity.
Bastin had resorted to sulking in the sea of pillows her husband chose as his bed, as her sister was escorted out of the room.

The tapping of her bare feet against the marble slabs of the temple were the only sound between Anunee and her husband as they made their way to the sacred altar of worship.
The heavy wooden doors were ajar as they entered, the smoke of a hundred candles and the heavy smell of incense escaped through the slit of the door. Anunee tugged her husbands sleeve gingerly.

“You must wait here, dearest husband, for no mortal may set their eyes on a divine icon. Stay here and await mine return love.” She whispered before planting a soft, delicate kiss on his cheek.

Gracefully she stepped through the crack between the doors. With a heavy *thump* they fell close and he was left in darkness.
Anunee went to her knees before the divine messenger in front of her, bowing her head until her hot, sweaty brow felt the cool marble floor. She prostrated before it, not merely as a servant as a Gods before the divine, but also as a woman before a man.

It had taken the form of Etain the black stallion. A beast of the ancient legends with the jet-black smooth fur of the night and the crimson red eyes of Burtin, bane of the blood.
Her eyes burned from the smoke and incense, yet she didn’t need her eyes to see the power that emanated from within him.
He was strong beyond words, bulging muscles and a fierce mane that no other stallion could hope to challenge.

A grunt was enough for her to understand. She slowly raised her head, careful not to meet his gaze. With her eyes averted she gracefully moved to his side, kneeling down next to him. Gently she placed her hand on his strong body, feeling his breathing, his heartbeat through his hide.
She had to please him for that was her duty.

Calmly she moved behind his strong strong hindlegs, standing up until she was eye to eye with its doughnut shaped anus.
With both her hands she grasped his powerful thighs, bracing herself against him before she planted a kiss on his rim.

Her lips connected to his pucker and she could taste the sweat upon his dark sphincter. He grunted as his heavy melonsized testicles shivered. She knew she was on the right track now.
More and more kisses she planted on the rim of his asshole, until her lips had worshipped all of his sweaty horse anus.

Tiny, soft bumps covered her tongue, atavisms of her own connection to the divine cat spirits. Now these bumps were stimulating the puffy horse anus, as she ran her tongue over his rectum.

She could feel his asshole quiver as she tonguefucked his doughnut shaped shithole, his massive balls quaking as his flared horsecock slowly unsheathed.

Her delicate hands shifted from his flank down to his heavy nutsack, her palms laying upon the sweaty, leathery jewels. Gently she squeezed and massaged them as she suckled on his puffy rim.

She could feel his melon sized testicles churning as she massaged them, her warm fingers running all over his hot, leathery sack.
His engorged, equine member unsheathed slowly until it dangled between his legs, a fat meaty cock with a glistening pearl of delicious precum at its tip.
She planted one last kiss upon his puffy butthole, right in the middle of his anus, before she shifted to his right.

His mighty horsecock had taken her breath away, its magnificience and size a subject of her shocked admiration.
Her hands tried to get a grasp on his equine cock, yet she could not hope to wrap them around his might. He was still not fully erect and she knew that she had to please him completely for the ritual to succeed.

As her hands ran up and down his shaft, her tongue traced circles around the head of his cock, licking up every drip of his precious, milky precum. Her hands worked his entire length as she sucked out more and more of his leaky pre, straight out of his urethra. Increasingly she felt his heavy cock thicken, straining against her hands as more and more of his pre gushed into her mouth.

She knew he was ready now.
She got up from underneath him, confident in the knowledge that her stimulation had proved successful. Her hips swayed seductively as she passed by him, a light touch on his strong neck beckoning him to follow her.
The Temples acolytes had prepared the breeding altar for them, a stone slab that elevated her body to the same level as his cock.
The smile she gave him was gentle, yet her dripping pussy, barely concealed by the wisp of stain, betrayed her intentions.

He grunted again as he positioned himself over her, his powerfully muscled body pressing deown on her own, emphasizing the difference in her own weak, feminine body.
The head of his equine cock rubbed against her pussy as a gasp escaped her pursed lips.
A cock so much larger than her husbands was about to penetrate her married pussy. She felt guilty about the duty of her infidelity, about the husband that was waiting for her outside the breeding chamber, who was doubtlessly listening to the sound of their raw lovemaking.

All these thoughts dispersed as his massive horse cock stretched her cute pussy to the max, rubbing along her walls and filling her up completely.
A gasp had escaped her lips as he had entered her, but now as he began to slowly thrust his length in and out of her pussy, she was screaming in delight and extasy.
“Ah….. thanks…. Strong messenger…. Thank you ah….. for blessing my married pussy…. With your…. Hngg cock!” she moaned as he plunged his inhuman cock into her over and over again.

Her eyes were rolling back in pleasure as she gripped tightly to the altar, so as not to get speared by his incredible horse penis.
With each thrust she screamed louder, losing herself more and more to the pleasure of his bestial cock.

Proclamations of her love his cock filled the halls of the temple.

“Harder! Harder! Harder! Fuck me harder you fucking beast! Make me into your cock addicted breeding mare!” she yelled out as the head of his cock battered against her dilated cervix.
Her womb was craving the seed of his godly penis, his otherworldly potence promising a blessing upon her fertile eggs.
Her hot womb was sucking him in, her vagina squeezing and massaging him rhythmically as he plunged into her.
Her shouts turned into cries and moans as he fucker to orgasm over and over again, her whole body tingling and shivering with pleasure until, finally, she went limp, completely surrendering her body to his equine penis.

She could feel his speed increasing, longer, faster, deeper thrusts as the head of his cock flared up, plugging her pussy up completely.
None of his seed would escape as his horse cock began pulsating, shooting thick ropes of hot, creamy cum deep into her womb.

She could feel her belly bloat and distend as his cockmilk filled her insides, gallons of divine horse jizz raping her feline insides.
She was panting, enjoying the afterglow of the hard fuck she had just received. She ran her hand over her belly as she turned on her back.
It looked as though she was pregnant, absolutely bred by this strong horsecock that was still inside of her. Slowly he pulled out, his flared cock stretching her abused pussy as though she was giving birth.

With a *plop* he pulled his penis out completely, leaving her pussy a gaping, drooling mess.
His creamy seed came flowing out after him, a torrent of horse cum that seemed to be unceasing.
He grunted one last time before disappearing into the shadows.

Her husband fell into the room, clearly having leaned against the door to eavesdrop just moments before.
He crawled over to his wife. Before she had been the epitome of divine beauty, an esteemed agent of the Gods. Now she was a beautiful, sweaty, leaking mess.
She embraced him, her soft breasts squeezing against his chest as she kissed him, the tongue that had just cleaned the anus of a horse now filling his mouth.

He could the sweat of his anus and the sweetness of his precum on her lips.
“Beloved husband, the messenger has blessed us with his gift. It would be an affront if you were to refuse it…” she whispered in his ear.
It was his duty as a servant to the Gods, as well as his duty as a husband, to please his loving wife.

He kneeled in front of the altar, her gaping, gushing fuckhole right in front of him. It was one of the few times he was allowed to enjoy this sight, to touch his wives pussy. Even if it had been ravaged by another mans cock just moments before.

Gently he ran his tongue over her throbbing thighs, licking up all the oozing cum that the stallion had splattered over her when he turned her tight slit into a cum toilet.
He buried his face in her pussy, lapping up as much cum as he could, drinking it down. Gulp after gulp of

the salty cum that was oozing out of her.
She moaned as she grabbed his head, her hand gripping tightly onto his hair as she pulled him closer, her voluptuous thighs wrapping around his head as he sucked down the creamy cum flowing out of her.

They were both of breath when they were done and she unwrapped his head.

She hadn’t said a word. He just knew. He took her in his arms, carrying her like a princess back to their room as she planted a soft kiss on his cheek.